

"So Grows the Flame"

(the Ballad of Tortuguita)

By 

II

"The forest is freedom"
Tortuguita would say
With a heart full of fire
& a face full of play
The songbirds all scattered
'fore the rifles & boots
Tortuguita sat firmly 'mong
The leaves & the roots
For every tree that's felled
There's a cop that's goin' to Hell
For every martyr slain,
So grows the flame

Dm
If you'll gather 'round, people,

Gm
I'll sing you a song
A7
About brave Tortuguita

Dm
In the Weelaunee dawn
Dm

As they laid there dreamin'
Gm
'Bout Freedom & Peace

A7

Thru the pines there came creepin'

Dm
The Georgia Police

Dm Dm(maj7)Dm7 Gm
For every tree that's felled
C C7 F
There's a cop that's goin' to Hell

Bb G7
For every martyr slain

A7

So grows the flame

IV

Way out in Atlanta
The candles are lit
However many shots fired
Fifty-seven shots hit
To build a cop city
How low will they go?
Thanks to brave Tortuguita
Now the whole damn world knows
For every tree that's felled
There's a cop that's goin' to Hell
For every martyr slain,
So grows the flame

III

Well, just a year older than
Thirteen & Twelve
Caring more for the people
Than they did for themself
As the rifles were lowered
They raised up their hands
A young life is the price
A police state demands
For every tree that's felled
There's a cop that's goin' to Hell
For every martyr slain,
So grows the flame

V

I'll ask you this, people,
While I still have your ear
Why give weapons of war
To those so full of fear?
To those itchy of finger
& empty of spine?
Where do we put our foot down?
Where do we draw the line?
For every tree that's felled
There's a cop that's goin' to Hell
For every martyr slain,
So grows the flame



In rememberance of Manuel Paez Teran; may their memory outlive the empire
& serve as a guiding light for them that would strive for a brighter future.
Rest in Power, Tortuguita. STOP COP CITY!